

Northern Messenger

Rates Inside

Montreal, September 20, 1940.

77th Year.

Mr. Insignificance

By L. E. Eubanks
For the Messenger

"WHO is that funny-looking red-haired kid?"

The words kept echoing in Clem Thornton's mind. He grinned ruefully, and while he was wondering why so few people thought him worth knowing, the ball whizzed by him again.

Ward Hartley ran up to the net, gesticulating with his racket.

"What's the matter with you? You're asleep on your feet. Come to life; don't you know this is your last practice before meeting Ron Walker? Going to give him the game?"

"No!" snapped Clem. "Let's go. Make it hot!"

He swung at Ward's next serve with new energy, forgetting for the time his social insignificance. The ball sizzled back over the net, kicking up white dust on Walker's baseline and bounding away. As Clem's heart lightened, so did his feet. Ward had been instructed to send over every kind of ball, the tougher the better. But, with Clem attending to business, his chum, though a fairly good tennis player, could get nothing by him.

Then Clem took a turn at serving. Because of his slight stature, he had worked out a particularly high reach and a knack of smashing down on the ball as though trying to drive it through the racket.

"I just see a streak, can't lay a racket on it," cried Ward.

"But Ron Walker can," grinned Clem. "And if he fails, you know Wilbur Jacobs can."

Ward shook his head. "Neither of

'em could beat you, pal, if you'd play your game—quit thinking of how people treat you."

* * *

"He didn't," answered Clem. "Of course, they didn't mean for me to hear them. But that's the way it always is. I ought to be used to it by now. Always wanted to be popular but —"

"Shucks!" snorted Ward. "If I could play tennis like you, I'd—"

"You'd be popular," finished Clem. "But no difference how many games I

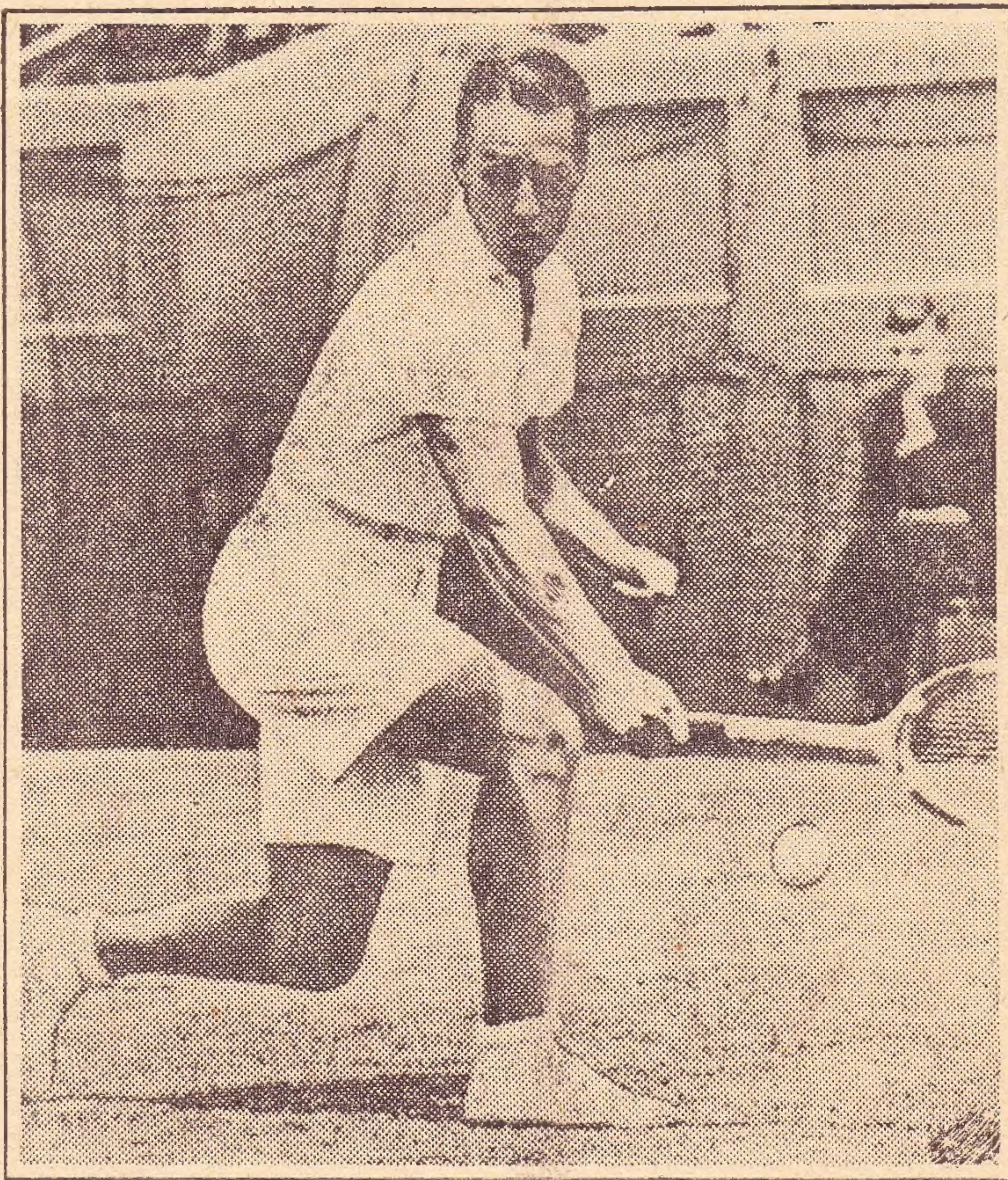
win, my opponent is always the favorite—even in defeat. I'm just naturally an ugly, uninteresting, insignificant, forgotten—"

Adjectives failed him, and he walked away, while Ward shook his head dolefully.

As usual when particularly despondent, Clem Thornton sought solitude. His favorite haunt was out in the woods beyond the golf course. There, no one would make fun of or ignore him.

What if he should win the tournament for his school? He had nearly done it last year—and what had it got him? Either he or Ron Walker would be eliminated tomorrow, and the winner would meet Wilbur Jacobs, of Everton High School, in the final test. Clem had a good chance, and knew it. But what was the use? It seemed that he actually offended people, even his own school, by winning; spectators were disappointed, always lining up with the other side.

"Who is that funny-looking——?" Clem's freckled fists clenched at the memory. Why did some people have good looks, plenty of money, lots of friends, a welcome everywhere—while others, like him—
(Please turn to Page 2.)



A PERFECT BACKHAND

BUT it really annoyed Ward too—so much that he asked, as they came from the dressing rooms later, "What did the fellow reply? If he goes to school here,—why, everyone at Rowden knows you."

self— Even in his dreams that night Clem heard it: "Who is—" Waking from a nightmare when it was nearly morning he thought, without caring much, of the miserable condition in which he'd face Ron Walker.

* * *

AT the courts, even in this important match, Clem received scant attention; not a bit more, he reflected bitterly, than the officials had to give him. At the other end of the stands, popular Ron Walker was surrounded by admiring boys and girls. With them Clem saw Ruby Wade, a class leader among the girls, with whom he had tried repeatedly to be friendly. Clem didn't care particularly for girls, but it did seem strange that few of them ever spoke affably to him.

Ward Hartley read the hurt look in his friend's eyes. "Please, Clem, please," he begged. "Forget everything now but this game. You can win and you should. If you don't care personally, how about the school? We should have our best man to face Jacobs. Even then—"

"My following!" grinned Clem, his hand on Ward's shoulder. "We can hardly move an inch, such a jam of supporters!" There wasn't a person within forty feet of the two boys!

"Sarcasm won't get us any place," groaned Ward. "The umpire's here, better get into your togs, he'll call the game—"

"Here comes Fulsom," interrupted Clem; "just watch his cordial salutation."

The popular football player, reputed the best Rowden had ever produced, glanced their way, mumbled a greeting in words too low to be understood, and passed on to a seat in the stand.

"So what?" answered Ward to Clem's "I-told-you-so" look. "Why worry over that? You've got a match to play."

* * *

GREAT applause rang from the stands as the players walked out on the court. Ward Hartley saw to it that they went at the same time, so that Clem would seem less friendless. A hard look came into Clem's blue eyes as he appreciated this measure. Suddenly determination thrilled him. He'd give Walker something to remember, —he'd annihilate him.

They tossed for the serve and Clem won. Their names were megaphoned loudly, the referee spoke from his high seat, and play began.

Walker was smiling as he neatly returned the bullet-like serve. Back it came from Clem's racket; then Walker drove for his opponent's backhand, feeling him out.

That was a mistake, for Clem Thornton was highly skilful at backhand

stroking. He snapped the ball back with all the accuracy of a forehand drive. The placement was perfect. Ron couldn't touch it.

"Fifteen-love," called the referee.

But on his next serve Clem failed to lift himself on his toes quite high enough. The second ball, too, went into the net.

"Double fault," droned the referee. "Fifteen all."

The crowd opened up then, though Clem's beautiful execution on the first point had been almost ignored. Sensing the usual prejudice, he slowed down, lost the next three points and the game. Walker acknowledged the applause with his bright smile and a bow.

"Snap into it, Clem!" yelled loyal Ward Hartley.

"My following," muttered Clem. He bowed low, in imitation of his opponent, and for this attempt at cleverness was heartily booed.

Really angry now, Clem Thornton went to work. He picked up Ron's service, brought the ball close to the net, and started a volley. Rackets swished and quivered, while the excited crowd got to its feet.

"Good boy, Ron!" "Keep it up, Ron!"

There was a concerted groan, an audible let-down when Clem hammered the ball out of Ron's reach. In the silence that followed, the mechanical voice of the referee announced, "Love-fifteen."

With a series of quick, darting strokes, Clem took the game. His racket moved with the speed and grace of a snake. Colorless he might be, but Walker was finding him decidedly effective. As game followed game, Ron was unable to find a single weakness in that fighting, relentless opponent. Toward the end he all but gave up, and Clem won the match easily.

* * *

WHEN his name was given as the winner, young Thornton stood looking around. The slight applause was over so quickly that it seemed only to emphasize the general dissatisfaction. People crowded on the court, all sympathetically headed toward Walker. The victor, standing almost alone with Ward Hartley, heard a voice say,

"Too bad, everyone knows Ron's the better player; he must have been ill."

They seemed utterly oblivious of Clem's presence, and the feeling of insignificance, isolation, gripped the boy's heart. He'd never received an ovation in his life, but indifference and contempt remained hard to accept.

He must get away before he broke down. With a word of appreciation to Ward, he hurried off for the solitude of the woods. He would refuse to play tomorrow; letting his school down at the last moment, he told himself, would

be good enough for that cold-hearted, unappreciative bunch. They couldn't get anyone else; he, Mr. Insignificance, was their only hope to win for Rowden. But all the time, back in his mind, under the seared pride, Clem knew that he would play. When had he ever done anything disloyal? It wasn't his way.

There were many bridle paths in the woods and near one of these Clem seated his tired body. As he stretched his legs there came the sound of rapid hoof-beats, mingled with the cries of a little child. The next moment a pony came racing wildly along the path. The reins were dangling and a screaming child of about ten years was bouncing perilously on the animal's back.

Without a moment's hesitation, Clem grabbed for the nearest rein. Luckily he secured a hold near the pony's head, but even so he was dragged some fifty feet before the run-away surrendered.

* * *

CRYING, the child slipped down into his arms, just as her accompanying horseman, obviously a servant and badly frightened, rode up. He was profuse in his thanks, but Clem was in no mood for conversation, and quickly withdrew into the forest.

A few moments later a stinging pain in the right side of his chest informed him that the pectoral muscles had been strained in his struggle to stop the pony. Alarmed, Clem tested his right arm in various movements. As long as it was not carried across his body the pain was only slight, but to jerk it over fast, as in the backhand tennis stroke, brought a stabbing, burning sensation in the right pectoral muscle.

"This does settle it," frowned the unhappy boy. Then another thought erased the frown. "An excellent reason for withdrawing, perfectly legitimate."

But when the hour came Clem was there. He would suffer, he knew, physically as well as mentally now; but to crawl out of it at this last moment—he just couldn't.

Wilbur Jacobs won the serve. Tall and powerfully built, he seemed able to toy with his opponent. But always a slow starter, and puzzled at Clem's obvious awkwardness, he lost the first two points.

"Love-thirty." There was almost no applause.

Then Jacobs opened up. Immediately he exposed Clem's weakness—by so placing the ball that Thornton had to use his backhand. The ball was swift and nicely placed, but not tricky. Ordinarily, with his wonderful backhand, Clem would have returned it very easily. As it was, the pain in his chest caused him to miss the ball entirely.

"Fifteen-thirty." Surprise was in the referee's voice. Something was wrong with Thornton.

(Please turn to Page 5.)

The Columbia Icefield Highway

(Major Fred Brewster in *The Canadian National Magazine*.)

CONSTRUCTING the new Columbia Icefield Highway through the heart of the Rocky Mountains was an engineering feat. In some sections the driveway is almost 5,000 feet above sea level. It takes its name from a huge ice cap of 110 square miles which rests upon the Canadian Rockies; the largest glacier in the world, outside of the Arctic Circle.

Let us motor over this new National Parks Highway. We are high up in the mountains, but the day is warm. Wild flowers provide a profusion of color between patches of snow and ice. We may see big horn sheep or mountain goats, on a distant ridge. But some 5,000 feet above us, again, is a new world—a weirdly beautiful world, unlike anything we have ever seen.

* * *

WE stare with unbelieving eyes. No matter where we look—even to the far-off skyline—everywhere we see masses of snow-crested mountain peaks, their sides a-glitter with low-hanging masses of ice. There seems no end to this vast, white land. But it is not a dead land. It is very much alive—alive with veins of fire that glint in the sun.

I have often been asked the depth of the ice packed on this great Columbia Icefield. No person knows. I only know that from the highway you and I may see towering ice-cliffs 500 feet high; almost the height of the tallest building in the British Empire. I also know the Athabaska Glacier, a part of the mighty icefield, comes so close to the Columbia Icefield Highway that one can get out of a car and walk in perfect safety upon its pitted surface. Yet, this glacier, itself, covers the five peaks of Mount Athabaska. And so thick is this ice on the mountain top that its chain of five peaks appear as one big mass of snowy ice.

* * *

THIS Athabaska Glacier is only one finger stretched out from the Columbia Icefield. Yet the ice is so thick it crawls over both sides of the mountain and blots out its range of peaks. In those 110 square miles which the icefield covers, there must be valleys completely choked by ice. How deep they are no one knows. Snow Dome Mountain in the heart of the Columbia Icefield is 11,340 feet high. And glaciers cling all over it. So one can only guess the depth of the icefield.

The Columbia Icefield is a hangover from the Glacial Age when the continent was almost blotted out by a relentless shifting of billions of tons of

ice and snow. All life was blotted out. Everything was crushed beneath its enormous weight. After tens of thousands of years, the glaciers melted and drew back to the Arctic. The Columbia Icefield was left, so man might know something of the vast forces of nature.

Now anyone may see what the world looked like in the Glacial Age—many thousands of years ago. It was

a world of awe-inspiring beauty—a white world, terrible in its implacable glittering death. But we may be grateful that the Columbia Icefield remained as it was. Today it is one of the wonders of our modern age.

Three great rivers of the west take their rise from the melting of the Columbia Icefield glaciers. And they empty into three oceans—the Columbia River, running south and west to the Pacific; the Saskatchewan, watering the prairies to Hudson Bay and the Atlantic; and the Athabaska, flowing northward to the Arctic.



WE REPRODUCE THIS PICTURE OF THE NEW HIGHWAY AND ITS VARIED SCENES SO OUR READERS MAY REFRESH THEIR VISION OF THE GREAT ROCKIES AND APPRECIATE MORE KEENLY THIS ARTICLE.

HEALTH

MORE than 20,000 housewives who visited the Canadian National Exhibition in Toronto learned how to feed a family of five on \$8.24 a week, thanks to the Health League of Canada. This League, through its nutrition committee, is attempting to educate housewives in the low income brackets how to feed their families on little money, and yet enabling them to eat the food that will do them the most good.

"It's not how much you eat, but what you eat that counts," officials of the Health League said today.

Two Nutrition experts were on duty at the C.N.E. booths maintained by the

League. A table was set with a whole week's food supply, which could be purchased for \$8.24. Thousands were attracted to this display. Toronto doctors were in attendance every day to answer questions of Exhibition visitors.

The rest of the Health League exhibit showed how through public education sickness could be prevented and waste eliminated. War-time objectives of the League were told in posters. They are: protecting the health of workers in industry; education in nutrition; combatting venereal disease; prevention of diphtheria, and the universal pasteurization of milk. — The Health League of Canada, 111 Avenue Road, Toronto.

"They Are Conquering Blindness"

THE young men who have lost their sight in this war are conquering blindness. They have youth, adaptability, and courage. We have great experience to help them. I will not mention names, as they would not like it, but here are some details of the first four or five war-blinded men. So writes Sir Ian Fraser, a veteran, blinded himself in the Great War, in the 1940 Report of St. Dunstan's (London) Hospital for the Blind, of which he is chairman. The Hospital is specially for blinded soldiers, sailors and airmen, and he tells about some of them, injured in the present war:

A Private of the Black Watch, aged twenty-one, was blinded by fragmentation from a hand grenade when holding the line on the Franco-Belgian frontier. He was a coal miner in a Scottish pit and was one of the first Militiamen to go to France. His father served in the last war, and he has two brothers who are awaiting "calling-up" notices. He is learning typewriting. "I think I shall manage it, too," he told me with confidence, and a determination to succeed.

A Yorkshire lad, aged twenty-one, but serving in the Lancashire Fusiliers, blinded by a bomb explosion in the region of Albert Canal. He was wounded in the shoulder also. An employee of a North-country municipality, he has been assured that he will be taken back into its employ if he can qualify as a telephone operator. He has already begun his re-education on the switchboard and assures me that he intends to "make good". "Others have done it—some of the old St. Dunstaners, I mean—and I can do it as well." He already shows promise.

A Cameronian (Scottish Rifles), aged twenty-eight, a fitter in a London engineering works, was blinded at Ypres by a bursting shell. He, too, is learning to operate the telephone switchboard.

"LEARNING TO BE BLIND"

A SHEFFIELD Colliery worker, who joined up in the Yorks and Lancs Regiment, was blinded from a rifle accident at a Yorkshire camp. He is learning knitting and also typewriting and is particularly proud that he has knitted a shopping bag which is to be a gift to his mother when she visits the hospital. He is also knitting a scarf for an R.A.F. friend.

A young Irishman of the Irish Guards, was blinded by a bullet. He has been very ill, but is getting better.

They are in various stages of recovery, these men and the others. Some

in pain, some in bed, others getting up and going downstairs for an hour or two a day. "I found my way alone to the bathroom this morning," one boy told me, and he was obviously very pleased with himself—as he deserved to be. He had begun to learn to be blind. One or two have started already to learn to typewrite or to read Braille, or to undertake some light hand work to accustom them to using their fingers.

A GAME FIGHT

I HAVE been with blinded men for twenty-four years now, since I lost my own sight on the Somme in 1916,

To the Australians Coming to Help Britain

The Poet Laureate, Mr. John Masefield, has written these verses in honor of the Australians who are helping Britain in the war.

OUT of your young man's passion to
be free

You left your lovely land to be our
friends

Unto the death at Anzac on the sea,
At Ypres, and on the chalk ridge of
Pozieres

Wherever death was grimmest, you
were there;

No battle in the world war anywhere
But you helped win, or, failing, met
your ends.

Again you give your friendship: For
the sake

Of fellow mortals wronged a world
away

You gladly lay down liberty and take
The frontward road, wherever it may
lead.

Advance, Australia; welcome and God
speed

That nation should help nation in her
need

Is sunlight to us in this winter day.

and knowing how in the atmosphere of St. Dunstan's we recovered our nerve and our spirit and how as the years passed by my three thousand comrades of the old war came back to life and normality and activity, I may perhaps be considered to have got used to blindness—to have become tough about it.

I confess to the most poignant heart-break in the presence of these boys and more particularly when they show such a zest for life and an interest in

their surroundings and outlook. Just as our soldiers, sailors and airmen are showing in the face of the enemy the same dauntless spirit as their forefathers, so these new St. Dunstaners are entering upon their life-long battle with blindness in the spirit of the men of the Great War.

St. Dunstan's is a house of hope; blindness—an opportunity.

SOME RECOVER SIGHT

WITH the blinded in the Hospital are the partially blinded, the temporarily blinded, and the doubtful cases.

Here is an example which is worthy of record. The day after the British entered Belgium, a young pilot was flying his Hurricane over enemy territory. He met two Heinkels, and shot one down, but the pilot of the other put a bullet through his windscreen. These windcreens are made of a remarkable plastic glass, but even this glass breaks under the direct impact of a bullet.

A piece completely destroyed the sight of one eye; another piece damaged the other eye. "I blacked out," this officer told me, "I must have fallen several thousand feet, but I seemed to come to, and righted my plane subconsciously, I suppose."

With a degree of vision which our doctors tell me must have been extremely limited, he flew seventy miles back to his base and landed safely. He has suffered very severe eye damage, but he will recover practically the full use of one eye and hopes soon to return to the Air Force in a ground job.

DOMINION TROOPS ALSO

DOMINION TROOPS are taking their place in the active defence of the Mother Country, and by arrangement with their Governments their eye cases also will be cared for by St. Dunstan's. So also will members of the Merchant Service and regular policemen and firemen blinded by enemy action as well as any civilian cases that might arise out of air raids or amongst the personnel of the Fishing Fleets or Merchant Service.—(Subscriptions to help in the work may be sent to St. Dunstan's, Regent's Park, London, N.W.1, England, or c/o The Canadian National Institute for the Blind, Pearson Hall, Beverley St., Toronto, Canada.)

Not by appointment do we meet De-
light

And Joy; they heed not our expect-
ancy;

But round some corner in the streets
of life

They, on a sudden, clasp us with a
smile. —Gerald Massey.

THE ATAJO

By Adna Byrd

For the Messenger

It must be remembered that long ago there were no railroads spanning and webbing the continent of America. The land was virgin, untamed, the habitat of wild animals and savage red men. Yet there were some inland cities. To these supplies must be transported.

Let us, for instance, deal with the transportation of goods to Sante Fe. The name means holy faith. It was not a beautiful place. The houses were adobe huts, built Spanish style, square, of one story.

There was a public square in the centre of the city, there was a Palace and an Alameda (public promenade) was atop a sandy hill. Perhaps a thousand souls made up the population of the town.

Sante Fe, however, was a centre of trade. And to it came the Atajo.

The first means of transportation was the pack mule. These pack trains of mules were called the atajo. It was the dark-skinned, soft-toned Mexicans who first introduced them, but the Americans soon became expert.

* * *

THE pack train was made up of from fifty to two hundred mules. A pack mule was called a mula de cargo. The load or cargo for a mule was usually about three hundred pounds in weight. Two arrieros, or packers, could pack a mule in the surprisingly short time of five minutes. It was wonderful how skillful they became. Using his knees as a fulcrum, each could hoist a package and toss it onto a mule's back without apparent effort, the dead weight of which he could not move from the ground.

One packer stood on one side of the mule, his assistant on the other. First the salea, or raw sheep skin, softened by rubbing, was put on the mule's back, its function being to prevent chafing. Over this was thrown the xerya, or saddle, which was a square pad of leather sewed down the middle and stuffed with hay so it would balance on the mule's back much as a book opened in the middle and placed over the edge of a board, would balance. This aparejo was cinched on by a wide grass bandage, which was drawn cruelly tight. The poor brute grunted and groaned, for it seemed he were cut in

two, yet this was the secret of successful packing. For the firmer the saddle, the more comfortable the mule can travel. And he was not so apt to become chafed or bruised. Attached to the aparejo was a crupper which fitted under the tail. Atop the pack saddle was placed the goods, sometimes one package, sometimes two of equal size and weight, coupled with a rope. Then the perlate, or square grass mat, was put over these, to shed the rain. A stout rope is thrown over all and tied under the body. It was laced about the packs, so as to hold them securely.

* * *

A DAY'S journey was ten or twelve hours. There was no stop at noon, lest the mules lie down in their packs. It was difficult to get the mule again on its feet, sometimes straining it until it was ruined. Not always did the pack remain on the animal's back. Sometimes it slipped under the body, in which case the mule must be re-packed.

Arriving at the camping ground the pack saddles with their loads were arranged in a regular manner. Soon each mule came to know his pack and with astonishing intelligence came up to it at the proper moment. Should a mule attempt to claim another's pack, he was soundly kicked by the rightful mule. Hardly twice does he make the mistake, considering it more profitable to remember his own pack.

In the atajo each man was assigned a place. There was Savanero, the night watchman, who kept the mules from straying, for the animals were turned loose to shift for themselves. One mule has a bell about his neck and is known as the bell mare. The others will not leave this mule. The cook called Madre, must prepare the food, and during travel he leads the bell mare in front of the train. And it is remarkable how the pack mules followed the bell mare with blind devotion. Sometimes on the steep, narrow trails a mule would stumble over a precipice. The fall usually resulted in the animal's death.

The train travelled on day after day through danger and hardship and in time reached Santa Fe. Word of their coming spread and the town turned out to give them welcome.

So it was in the beginning of the nation that goods were transported. What a great contrast we have today. Transportation plays a mighty part in the growth of a country.

MR. INSIGNIFICANCE

(Continued from Page 2.)

From that moment, Jacobs lost no chance to place the ball on the other man's left. Clem's only defence was to stay far to the left as much as he could. Then, frequently, Jacobs took advantage of the position to score far to the right. He was working fast now, and presently the referee called, "Game and set to Mr. Jacobs."

Battling gamely against the pain, Thornton did better in the second set, and won it, 6-3.

In the third, the pain settled into a steady violent throbbing, and Clem felt that he could not go on much longer. And for what, he asked himself, was he standing this pain? The visitors accompanying Jacobs made a comparatively small crowd, but they cheered their man twice as much as Clem was encouraged by his own school. Many, it seemed, wanted him defeated; the others were indifferent. In a fit of bitterness, Clem smashed the ball absurdly far out of bounds; and was surprised to hear Jacobs say in a low tone:

"Steady, old man. You've got no backing, but don't make it worse."

A little further humiliation for Clem, then it was two sets to one, in the visitor's favor.

* * *

JUST before the fourth set began, some commotion was caused by the late arrival of important guests—the mayor, his wife and child. Clem Thornton was startled when the little girl began shouting, as she pointed at him,

"Daddy, Daddy—that's the man who stopped my pony!"

Silence followed, while the crowd looked first at the girl then at Clem. An official signalled Clem, to whom the mayor said in mock severity:

"Young fellow, I want to scold you for running away after you saved my child's life. You should at least have let us know your name so that we could thank you. I have just been told your name, and that you've been getting the worst of this contest."

The official handed him a microphone. The mayor's voice sounded in a loudspeaker.

"I don't want to interrupt this splendid match, my friends, for more than a moment. I just want to say that this man, Clem Thornton, did something yesterday that I can't forget. He jumped out and grabbed the reins of my little girl's pony when it was running away. He risked his life to save hers, and then he slipped away without even giving her a chance to thank him. We're thanking him now, my

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Northern Messenger

WEEKLY

Founded by John Dougall, 1864

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A Christian adventure for the whole family, the Northern Messenger has for several generations been loved by young and old.

Interdenominational in its sympathies it is free to serve all Christians.

Entertaining, informing, inspiring, the heart and purpose of the Messenger is to declare the Gospel of Jesus, the power of God unto Salvation, and its challenge to Christian faith and living.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES ELSEWHERE
or on application.

Notice to Correspondents

Contributors of poems and articles who wish their material returned to them in case of rejection are asked to enclose a stamped and addressed envelope. We cannot pay for Poems.

September 20, 1940.

WORD FOR THE DAY

Sun. : He leadeth me.—Ps. 23:2

Mon. : Lead me in Thy righteousness.—Ps. 5:8

Tue. : Lead me in Thy truth.—Ps. 25:5

Wed. : The goodness of God leadeth thee to repentance.—Rom. 2:4

Thu. : Lead me in the way everlasting.—Ps. 139:24

Fri. : The Lord openeth the eyes of the blind.—Ps. 146:8

Sat. : He will beautify the meek with salvation.—Ps. 149:4

God treasures the gifts of the poor.

"Being guided by God means that I do not fail people."

People who embody God's answer to poverty and greed are the deepest economic need of the world.

A nation's enemies are all the things that prevent God's plan for that nation from being carried out.

In all ages men who repented and turned to Him have learned to know the mind of God. "The secret of the Lord is with them that fear Him."

Our Children

TWO thousand years ago a little child was born, and since then He has "lifted empires off their hinges and changed the whole course of human history." When God wants to move forward He does so on the feet of little children.

When the night had settled grim and dark upon the face of the world a little baby was born in a miner's cottage and they baptized that baby Martin Luther.

When Christianity became an exploded and defeated thing in England, a little baby was put into the arms of Susanna Wesley. At this very moment there is an army of invasion marching across this country of ours. This army is made up of the children in our homes. What they are, will determine what the future is to be.—J. E. Bell, B.A.

Voluntary Service

THE mere act of prayer now and repeated continually day by day—of staying upon our God, of touch with the Eternal—will bring calmness, courage, self-control.

It will keep our minds from being swayed about by rumors and our tempers from yielding to mere angry passions. It will sustain even now in the background of our minds an awareness of the other great call which will await us when this tyranny of evil is overpast to strive for a truly just, and therefore, lasting, peace.

More than this, prayer is the submission of ourselves to the will of God.

Just as we have put ourselves at the disposal of our country, so in prayer we put ourselves at the disposal of our God.

If this be done simply and honestly, even we, each one, may be found worthy of being His instruments in the fulfilment of His purpose.—The Archbishop of Canterbury.

PRAYING hearts all over the world are looking to Britain to fight the battle of the Lord against the evil spirit incarnated in the armies of the Reich. But only as believers fight "on their knees" can they hope to overcome in the name of the Lord of Hosts.

* * * * *

"The assurance that God is leading His people along the Providential way . . . the assurance that our hope is full of immortality . . . the assurance that the pardoning Love of God has room for every man . . . the assurance that Jesus is Mighty to Save—this is the Message of the Hour—it is the blessed assurance of our Faith."

JESUS AND I

By Dan Crawford.

*I cannot do it alone,
The waves run fast and high.
The fogs close chill around,
And the light goes out of the sky;
But I know that we two
Shall win in the end,
Jesus and I.*

*Coward and wayward and weak,
I change with the changing sky,
Today so safe and brave,
Tomorrow too weak to try;
But He never gives in,
And I know that we two shall
win,
Jesus and I.*

—Exchange.

The Sovereign Remedy

A passage from Wesley's Primitive Physick:

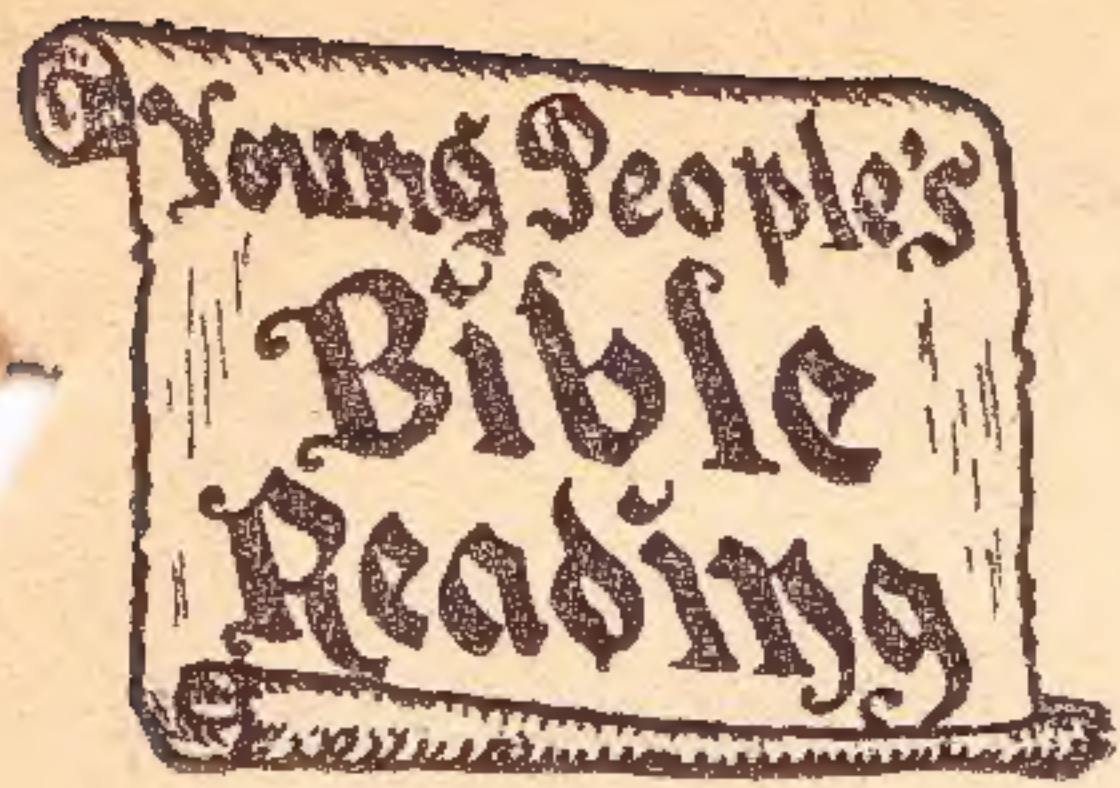
"The love of God, as it is the sovereign remedy of all miseries, so in particular it effectively prevents all bodily disorders the passions introduce, by keeping the passions themselves within due bounds; and by the unspeakable joy and perfect calm, serenity and tranquility it gives the mind it becomes the most powerful of all the means of health and long life."

What Is Prayer?

WHAT is prayer? Is it right that we should think of it as our demand from God that He should give us what we desire without conditions?

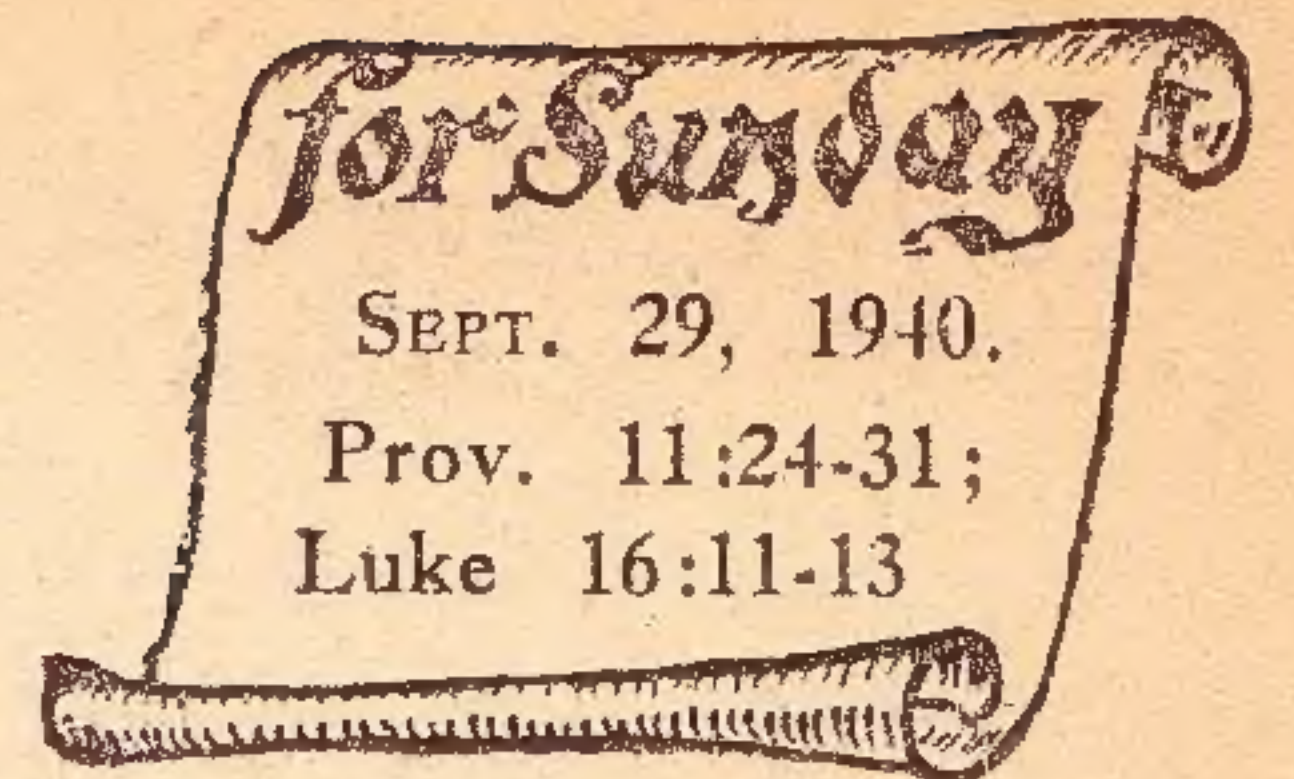
No one can read the teaching of Jesus without seeing that He, the supreme Master of prayer, viewed it as our taking hold of and identifying ourselves with the will and purpose of God.

When you think out what this peace you are praying for really is, it is obvious that it is not a merely negative thing, freedom from the sufferings and actual hostilities of war . . . but rather a condition of harmony, fellowship and co-operation of human wills with the will of God.—H. M. the King's Chaplain.



He That is Faithful

by BERGAN



THE Hebrews have always been a commercial people. We are not surprised therefore at finding many references to commerce, to riches in the Scriptures. As is to be expected, many of these references are in the Book of Proverbs. The Wise Men gave much shrewd practical business advice.

"The ideal of life enjoined in 'Proverbs' is by no means an unworthy one. Honesty, industry, chastity, considerateness for all, helpfulness toward the distressed; humanity, reverence and trust toward God are urged unweariedly." (Dummelow)

The individual who carried on his business in this spirit would be honored and trusted. A nation that held to these ideals would prosper. "By the blessing of the upright the city is exalted." (11:28)

HONOR IN THE MARKET PLACE

ONE of the most interesting sections of the Book of Proverbs is "Book II" (chapters 10:1 to 22:16). It is a collection of 375 sayings. They are attributed to Solomon. They are nearly all in couplet form and are easily remembered. Many of them have a touch of humor. Like so much of the Bible, they are surprisingly "up to date."

Look for instance at 11:1:

A false balance is an abomination to the Lord:

But a just weight is His delight.

Only a few years ago the government held an enquiry into business methods in Canada. One of the disgraceful things uncovered was the practice in many firms of giving short weight. All dishonest work or dealing is giving "short weight."

Our religion is very little good unless it influences our business life.

Ruskin says that we can never serve God "until the question with us every morning is not how to do the gainful thing, but how to do the just thing during the day; nor until we are at least so far on the way to being Christian, as to acknowledge that maxim of the poor half-way Mahometan, "One hour in the execution of justice is worth seventy years of prayer.'"

"SCATTERING AND INCREASING"

WE go on to our special study. (11:24-31)

"There is that scattereth and yet increaseth—"

"Wise and liberal expenditure is

Some centuries before the Christian era, a Jewish merchant . . . reported to have made one of the largest fortunes of his time (held also in repute for much practical sagacity), left among his ledgers some general maxims concerning wealth, which have been preserved, strangely enough, to our own days. . . . He says in one place: "The getting of treasures by a lying tongue is a vanity tossed to and fro of them that seek death", adding in another . . . "Treasures of wickedness profit nothing: but Justice delivers from death."

Again, the merchant says: "He that oppresses the poor to increase his riches, shall surely come to want." And again more strongly: "Rob not the poor; neither oppress the afflicted in the place of business. For God shall spoil the soul of those that spoiled them." . . .

The two most remarkable passages . . . are the following—

"The rich and the poor have met. God is their maker."

"The rich and the poor have met. God is their light." . . .

There is no other light than this by which they can see each other's faces and live.—John Ruskin.

contrasted with ill-advised niggardly economy." (Dummelow)

This is good business advice, as every one knows. But the Wise Man goes a step beyond mere business in the next verse—

The liberal soul shall be made fat;
And he that watereth shall be watered himself.

We have the same thought in v. 27—"He that diligently seeketh good (for others) procureth favor (for himself)."

There is an echo of these verses in our Lord's words. (Luke 6:38)

* * *

HE that withholdeth corn (wheat).

Here the Wise Man touches on another very modern problem.

"Buying up corn to sell at famine prices was the evil in those days, which corresponded to monopolies, trusts and combines of later times. 'It is a wicked thing to make a dearth one's garner'." (Dummelow)

"Withholding corn" built up big fortunes, but it was at the cost of the poor and the impoverishment of the nation. It is only by degrees that we are discovering that Israel's Wise Men were among the soundest of political economists.

He that trusteth in his riches.—We have echoes of this in the New Testament. (Mark 10:23-27; I Tim. 6:17)

Another Wise Man, Augur, (Prov. 30:8) said—

Give me neither poverty or riches,
Feed me with the food that is needful for me. (R.V.)

The poorest people are they who "trust in their riches."

Like a green leaf. (R.V.)—Isn't this a fine description of a life that is straight and honest.

A. C. Benson has a book of pen portraits of great and good men. He gives it the title, "The Leaves of the Tree."

John says "The leaves of the tree were for the healing of the nations." (Rev. 22:1)

He that troubleth his own house.—The home is the corner-stone of the nation. No matter how successful a man may be in his business, if he is not good and kind in his own house he "inherits the wind"—which is a rather unsatisfactory inheritance.

A man who is not good in his home gets no satisfaction out of life.

The fruit of the righteous.—The man of straight good life is an influence for good. His wisdom "wins souls," that is "wins lives." Goodness is contagious.

(Please turn to Page 8.)

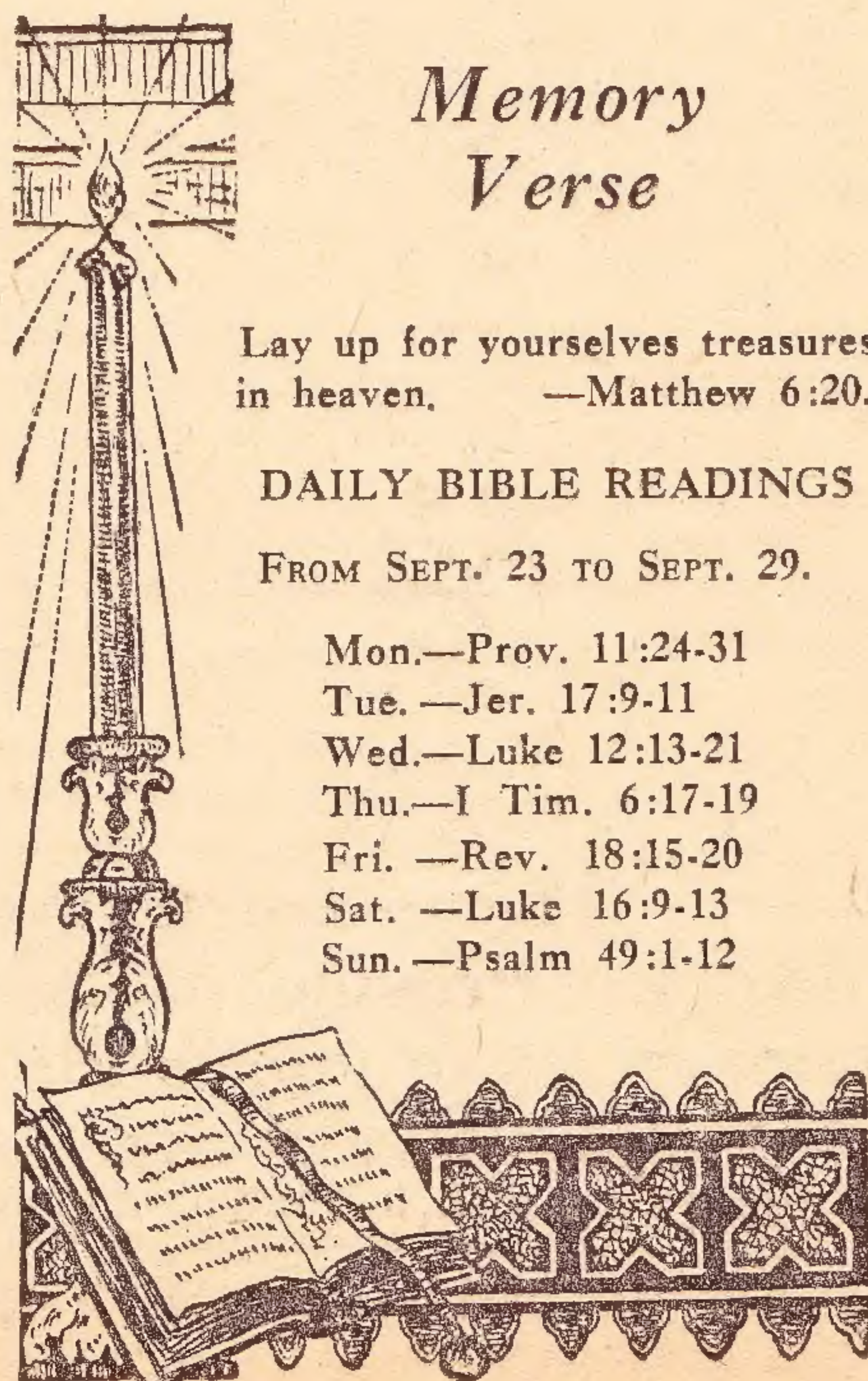
Memory Verse

Lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven. —Matthew 6:20.

DAILY BIBLE READINGS

FROM SEPT. 23 TO SEPT. 29.

Mon.—Prov. 11:24-31
Tue.—Jer. 17:9-11
Wed.—Luke 12:13-21
Thu.—I Tim. 6:17-19
Fri.—Rev. 18:15-20
Sat.—Luke 16:9-13
Sun.—Psalm 49:1-12



DISCIPLINE FOR VICTORY

DURING the retreat from Dunkirk there were frequent references to the famous retreat by Sir John Moore to Corunna, and the rearguard line which held back the Germans to allow the remainder to reach the coast was named "The Corunna line." It was in 1808 that Sir John Moore, commanding the British forces in Spain, found himself under the necessity of retreating to the sea against the overwhelming forces of Napoleon.

Part of his orders issued to the troops just before the retreat were: "To preserve discipline necessary to carry us to triumph from the reach of the French eagles, to surmount hardships we have never before been called upon to endure, we must banish from the camp all intoxicating liquors. No liquors from this hour will be permitted to enter the camp."

His retreat and the safe embarkation at Corunna form one of the most glorious pages in British history although Sir John Moore was himself struck down by a cannon ball just before embarking in safety.

"HE THAT IS FAITHFUL"

(Continued from Page 7.)

Recompensed in the earth.—Sometimes as with Job it doesn't seem to "work out." But there is a recompense even in this life, and there is something greater to look forward to beyond.

Notice the kindness and humanity that run through the Wise Man's "practical" maxims. He does not desire great riches. He regards success in business as important, but not nearly as important as friendship and goodwill. This is the great "recompense" of the righteous,—remember that righteous means straight and honest.

The Wise Men trained their disciples to look for Success by playing the game of life fairly, by industry, honesty, integrity, kindness, goodness, generosity.

Their ideal tapped from the same root as Micah's great saying, "What doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?" Such success is the only success worth having.

THE UNJUST STEWARD

OUR Lord had much to say regarding wealth. It is quite evident that He regarded it as a burden and as dangerous to the possessor. (See Matt. 6:19-24; Luke 6:24, 25; 12:13-48; 16:1-15, 19-31; 18:18-27)

In our chapter, He tells a story. It has puzzled a great many people, but really there is nothing more puzzling in it than in many other parables.

Some interpreters say that the Eastern steward would get a commission on

THE BEST MEMORY

*Forget each kindness that you do
As soon as you have done it;
Forget the praise that falls to you
The moment you have won it;
Forget the slander that you hear
Before you can repeat it;
Forget each slight, each spite, each sneer,
Wherever you may meet it.*

*Remember every kindness done
To you, whate'er its measure;
Remember praise by others won,
And pass it on with pleasure;
Remember every promise made
And keep it to the letter;
Remember those who lend you aid,
And be a grateful debtor;*

*Remember all the happiness
That comes your way in living.
Forget each worry and distress,
Be hopeful and forgiving;
Remember good, remember truth,
Remember heaven's above you,
And you will find through age and youth,
True joy, and hearts to love you.*

—Anon.

his sales, that it was just his own commission that this man allowed to his master's customers (vv. 6, 7), and so that it was at his own expense and not at his master's that he made friends.

Don't read the story too solemnly. There is humor in it that would go home to an Eastern audience.

"The lord" (v. 8) means "his lord", (R.V.), the steward's master who even if he was cheated was amused at his ex-servant's cleverness, and commended him for his wisdom, prudence and foresight—qualities in which good people are often lacking.

"Well, the master praised the dishonest factor for looking ahead; for the children of this world look further ahead in dealing with their own generation than the children of Light." (Moffatt)

He praised him for his foresight and for his success in making friends.

"MAKING FRIENDS"

THE man had planned, he had seen difficulties, overcome them, marked out a path, held to it steadily, crowned himself with success. So far he is an example. The way in which he used his power of forecasting may have been bad; but the forecast itself is good." (F. W. Robertson)

Unrighteous mammon.—A common Jewish expression. It did not mean wealth obtained unrighteously, but simply "deceitful wealth," wealth that may vanish any day.

Calvin says: "By giving this name

to riches, he intends to render them an object of our suspicion, because for the most part they involve their possessors in unrighteousness."

If you are unfaithful in such a thing as money, using it selfishly, God will not, He can not, trust you with spiritual gifts which are so much more important.

"Money is here called that which is another's because Christians are to regard it not as their own, but as a trust for which they must one day give account." (Dummelow)

Your own.—The joy of heaven "prepared for you from the foundation of the world." (Matt. 25:34) We are cheating ourselves if we use God's gifts selfishly.

The dishonest steward was wise at least in making friends who would receive him when he had lost his job.

"Wise acts, holy and unselfish deeds, secure friends. Wherever the steward went he found a friend. . . Go where he would, he would receive a welcome. In this way our good actions become our friends." (F. W. Robertson)

Be friendly and you will make friends. And friendship stretches over into the other life. Those whom we have been privileged to help in any way here will "welcome us into the eternal tabernacles." (R.V.) Isn't this a lovely thought?

We don't do good for the sake of reward, but because God has given us the desire to help others. But the reward comes.

Our Lord said, in effect, "The wealth that you have is not yours. It is a loan. It belongs to God. He has trusted you with it. You are his steward. See that you use it wisely. The best way you can use it is in helping those who are less fortunate than yourself. Make friends with (by means of) this 'mammon'. It won't last, but the friends will."

The immediate teaching of the parable was in regard to wealth but it has a wider application. In one way or another we all are stewards and "It is required in stewards that a man be found faithful." (1 Cor. 4:2)

"Not only by the right use of wealth, but by the right use of any faculty, talent, or opportunity with which God has entrusted us, heavenly treasure is laid up. Even when we are doing nothing actively for God, but are only patiently suffering what He wills that we should bear we are laying up treasure in heaven." (Dummelow)

QUESTIONS

1. A false balance.—Complete the verse.
2. What do vv. 24, 25, 27 mean?
3. What does v. 26 mean?
4. What does v. 29 mean?
5. What "lord" praised the dishonest steward?
6. Did he praise him for his dishonesty?
7. Lay up for yourselves—Complete the verse.

(For Answers, see Page 12.)

"OLD NELL"

By Gertrude R. Johnston

For the Messenger

DEAR ME! It doesn't seem possible that I have reached my twenty-fifth birthday. It seems but yesterday that I was a colt frolicking about with my mother in a luscious green pasture. Life surely seemed good in those days when I was too young to work and had no responsibilities. All too soon those carefree days were past. When I had reached my third birthday I was almost as large as my mother. The master took me from the pasture. I had attained the age when a horse becomes a slave to his master.

I trembled with fear when the heavy harness was placed upon me. With Bill, the bay horse, I was hitched to a heavy wagon. When the master was ready for us to go I was frightened and bewildered. Perhaps I did not move quickly enough to suit him. He lashed me with the whip, which stung and burned like fire. I thought that he must want me to run. I lunged forward. The sudden jerk of the wagon caused the master to lose his balance and he almost fell out of the wagon. No doubt he thought I was trying to run away. Angrily he jerked on the reins. My tender, sensitive mouth was cut and bleeding from the bridle bit. It seemed whatever I did was wrong.

Bill my mate whispered to me that the master wanted us to walk. This we did, but the wagon pulled heavily against my shoulders and seemed to choke me.

Protestingly, I stood on my hind legs. The master did not seem to understand that I did this because the collar hurt me. He flayed me with the whip. I was glad when darkness put an end to my first day in the harness. It had been torture to me.

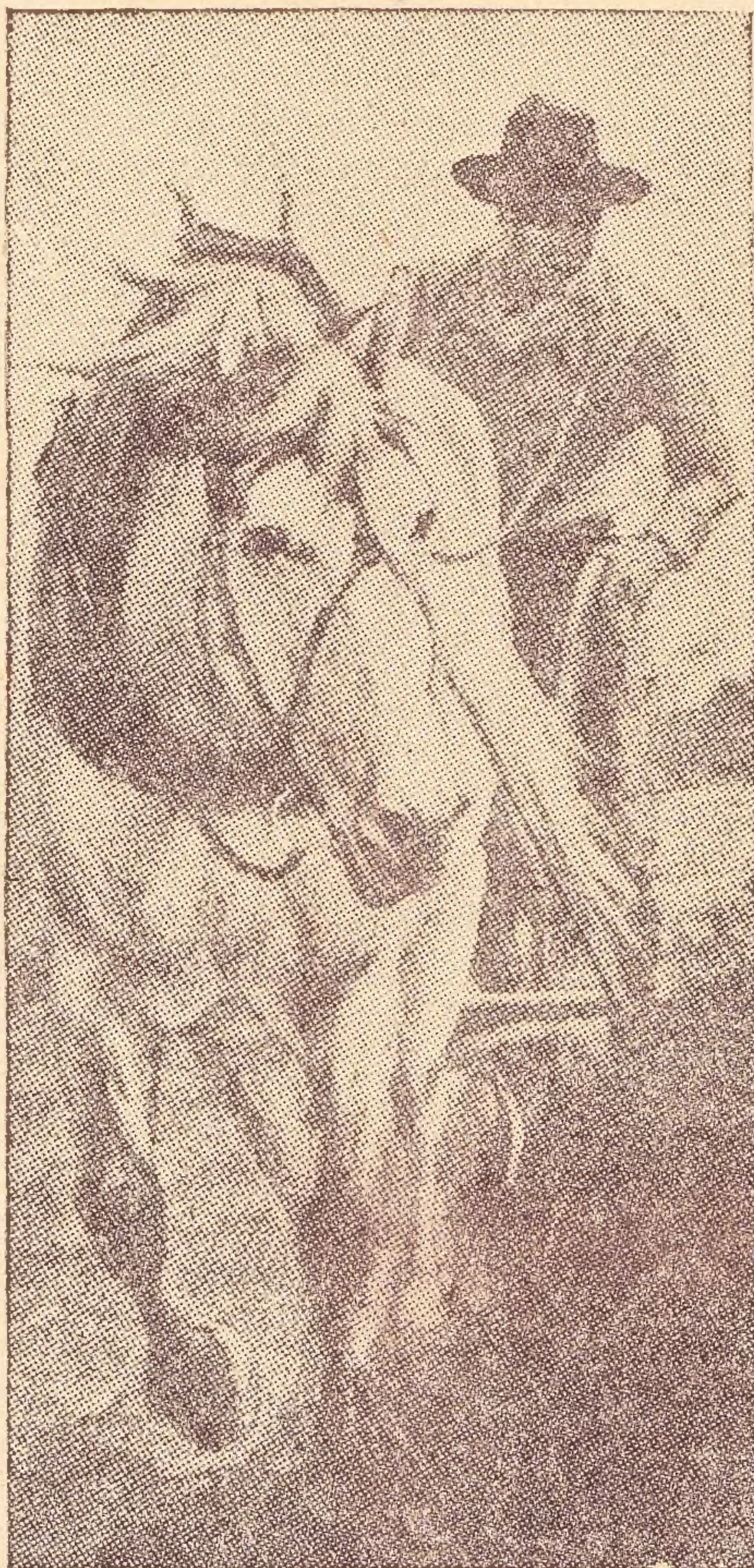
As I stood in the barn that night munching my hay, I pondered over the events of the day. I decided that hereafter I would watch Bill and try to do as he did.

Bill was a good and willing teacher and by following his advice I got along much better.

Hitched to a plow with two other horses we walked back and forth across the fields turning furrows until we were so tired it seemed we would drop exhausted in our harness. That season we turned acres of sod. When this job was finished there was the wearisome task of harrowing the land to pulverize the clods; then the planting must be done.

* * *

IN the sweltering heat of summer I helped to cultivate the corn and moved the hay and grain that there



might be food for us. I was glad when the summer came to an end and the crops were harvested. Perhaps, now, I could rest a bit. Surely I had earned a rest; but I was doomed to disappointment.

With Bill, I was to haul gravel from the creek on the farm out onto the highway. I soon learned that this was harder than the farm work. Often, the wagon was overloaded and we would pull and tug until it seemed my eyes would pop out of my head; and as if this was not enough to endure, to urge us on, the master would use the lash.

Toiling in summer's heat and winter's snow the years passed.

Another summer was at hand. The corn stood parched and burning for lack of rain. Great clouds of swirling dust filled the air. I could scarcely see to follow the corn rows. I felt I could not longer endure it when a black cloud, capped with foam seemed to roll out of the west blotting out the sunshine. The master knew there was going to be a storm and hurried us to the barn.

The heavens were ablaze with lightning; the roar of the wind and thunder was deafening; then came the hail and rain. The barn shook until I thought it would fall on us. Never in my life had I experienced such a storm and I was badly frightened. It soon passed leaving the roads and fields a vast lake of water. The grain and corn were flattened to the ground.

Chore time comes to the farmstead regardless of wind and weather. The master was busy attending to our needs when his tasks were interrupted by the screams of the mistress. Their little girl had met with a serious accident and was in need of immediate medical attention. But how were they to get word to the doctor? The telephone line was down and the bridge over the stream was washed out.

"There is only one way," said my master. "Nell will have to swim the stream. She is a strong swimmer and can carry me safely across."

* * *

IT looked like a hard undertaking for me but I was their only hope. The stream was a roaring torrent down through the valley. Trees that had been uprooted by wind and water were adrift.

It seemed that I must be carried down stream by the swift current. I fought back with all my strength. Weary and almost exhausted I at last reached the far shore with my heavy burden.

The years have passed. The little girl has grown to womanhood and left the old home for one of her own.

I had grown old and the master looked upon me as only an old, worn-out animal of but little use to him and had turned me loose to shift for myself. No more did I have the protection of a good warm barn against the elements. My only shelter was what the straw stack afforded. I was hungry and neglected.

A stranger came to the farm one day in search of a horse to buy. He looked me over carefully. My heart almost stopped beating when the master said: "I will let you have old Nell for twenty dollars." To me this was a tragedy. Could it be that he would part with me for such a paltry sum after all my years of faithful service?

Surely, I was entitled to a home for the rest of my life.

As the halter was placed over my head tears came to my eyes. It was almost more than I could endure. I wished that I might die.

* * *

MY lot had been hard, yet it seemed it would be better to sleep the eternal sleep than to go to a strange (Please turn to Page 13.)



DEAR CHUMS,—

Having told you about our contest and the chance of winning a Blue Pin, I'm anxious for you to follow up this chance. And the way to do it is to get really interested in the subject we are writing upon—WHY IS MY COUNTRY AT WAR?

Probably a good many of you have already started your letters and I hope that by the time you get this I will have a whole mail bag full of splendid ones.

When you sit down to write, remember that you are giving information as well as stating your conviction. Supposing your little brother or sister came to you and said, "Why is Canada in a war? Why do we have to fight?"—how would you answer them? Would they understand the real reasons for which we are resisting Naziism? Could you explain to them what it is that we are fighting to save? It is not only our houses and buildings, street cars and hospitals and so on that we want to save. It is something much greater. Can you explain that—put it into words so people can understand? In doing so you will find that you understand it much better yourselves.

And now I hope you all have enjoyed the first few weeks of school and that you are getting on well in your work and having a grand time. With best wishes for the success of this new school year.

YOUR LOVING AUNT RUTH.

* * *

Dear Aunt Ruth and Chums,—This is my second letter to your page. I wrote once several years ago. I get the Northern Messenger at Sunday School and I always like reading the Chums' Page.

I was twelve years old on Aug. 3. I will be in Grade VIII when I start back to school. I have two brothers, Freddie and Junior and a sister, Daphne, all younger than myself.

I like reading very much. One of my favorite authors is L. M. Alcott. We have a library at school and in two years I read over one hundred books.

Last year I went to see the King and Queen at Sherbrooke. They rode past us in a fine big car. The Queen was wearing a lovely pink dress with a hat to match.

My favorite sports are skating and sliding in winter, and playing softball in summer. Your Chum, — Ardelle Burns, Que.

Dear Aunt Ruth and Chums,—I have just started school again and now that the first rush is over, I am writing to "pick up the threads" where I dropped them in regard to the Chums' Circle. I love this Page and want to write often. I think the new contest is a grand idea.

We had a very happy summer. I think my last letter was written in July, and in it I told about myself, where I live and so on. Well Aunt Ethel, who as I explained is taking the place of my mother, took me on a

lovely holiday this August. We went to visit with a friend of hers who has a cottage on the lake shore. We were there a whole week. Uncle Arthur came down for the week-end, and while he was there we had the gala day of the whole holiday. We took the motor boat and all six of us—Auntie's friend and her husband, myself, Aunt Ethel and Uncle Arthur and a girl from next door who is just my age and whom I went around with a lot, all went off on a picnic. We had packed enough food for lunch and supper too. We stopped at a very pretty place called "Bill's Cove" where there is a sandy beach and lovely flat rocks and some trees higher up for shade. There we had lunch and bathed and suntanned to our heart's content. Then we went out for another little spin in the boat to see a place where there are very high cliffs and the water is very, very deep. It is clear green and you look down, down into it in the shadow of the rocks. Sometimes the waves here run very high and dash up against

* * * * *

* This Week's Star Correspondent *

* ETHEL VARNAY *

* Honorable Mention *

* EDNA GARRETT *

* * * * *

the cliffs, but it was very quiet that day.

We went further up and did some climbing around, finally coming out top of the cliffs and looking out over the lake to get the view. By the time we got back to the Cove we were ready for tea.

We built a fire, cooked corn on the cob, ate our sandwiches and drank up the last of our coffee from the thermos bottles and then it was time to go home. Jane and I (she is my friend and playmate) decided that it had been a thoroughly grand day. We hope to do it again next summer.

Well now I must say goodbye as I feel I have taken up a good deal of space. I will try to go in for the new contest, Aunt Ruth.

With love to all,—Ethel Varnay, Ont.

TO MARGARET WELDON FROM
ELLA RIEBEL

We must keep up our correspondence. So here I am again. When did you start to school? I am glad to have school open again. I was really getting tired of holidays. Do you like going to Sunday School. I do very much. What is the closest town to where you live? Mine is Port Elgin. We are getting a new teacher this year. Her name is Miss Isabel Kippin. Do you take music lessons? I do not, but can play a few pieces on the organ. I wonder if you have a vocal music teacher come to your school. We have a Mr. Fotheringham.

We have three small kittens at home, two black and white ones, and one pure black. Well, goodbye for now,—Ella Riebel, Ont.

TO MAXINE RANCE
FROM EDNA GARRETT

Dear Maxine Rance,—Here I am again. It's been ages since I wrote you last. Thanks for your interesting letter which came just after mine was written. I really feel ashamed for not having written you before. But I guess it's "better late than never." I hope our correspondence keeps up, and perhaps some day we will meet.

I have been away all summer and since I got back have just finished reading the "Chums' Mail" and I thought the letters on "What Dominion Day Means to Me," were certainly lovely. Did you not?

How did you enjoy your summer holidays? I had a grand time, but never went swimming very much as the water was cold.

Have you read much this summer? I haven't read many books. Mostly papers and magazines.

I've taken up quite a space for Page Ten. So cheerio. Your loving Nfld. chum,—Edna Garrett.

P.S.—Will some other chum please write me.—E.G.

Hero of Calais

A little-known historical incident during the seige of Calais, France, in 1347.

By Harold E. Christie

For the Messenger

(Concluded.)

"LISTEN, Jacques," Louis de Chatillon, sixteen-year-old son of the Mayor of Calais, whispered to his page as they stood by the water-gate leading out of the castle. "I shall swim beneath the spikes of the gate and through the English camp. As soon as I am through you must drop the spikes so the English can not enter the city by that way. I shall be gone six days. Be back here on the sixth night, and open the gate again for me. Do this, as you love me."

"No, master," Jacques suddenly realized the significance of Louis' words. "What will our master say?"

"When he finds out, it will be too late. I shall be many miles nearer to Paris."

"And I shall take the lashings he will give, for letting you go alone on such a danger."

"I can go better alone, Jacques . . . and there will be no lashings if you hold your tongue. Who will know that you helped me?"

"But how will you get through the camp?"

"Swim," Louis answered, then noticed how quickly the darkness had settled about them, and added, "Hurry. I would be on my way to Paris within the next hour."

The chains creaked noisily as the two boys raised the huge copper spikes that protected Calais' water gate; and for a moment Louis feared that someone would hear the noise and come to investigate. But no one appeared, and at last he gave the signal that the spikes had been raised high enough. With a last quick look back at the city he slipped down into the cold, muddy waters.

"How is it, Jacques?" he called. "Does my leathern jerkin show plainly in the water?"

"No, master," Jacques answered in a scared voice. "If I had not seen you enter, I would not know you were there. But I am scared. Outside there will be the fires of the English, and then the waters will show brightly. Let someone else go. Let me go."

"And have them shoot my best page?" Louis grinned, squeezing Jacques' hand. Then he took a deep breath, and his head dipped below the surface of the water. For just an instant the page could see heels kicking near the surface, and then they were gone.

IT was much easier than Louis had expected. As he swam slowly and noiselessly against the swift current he could see the bright lights of the Eng-

lish fires, hear their roaring songs. From time to time he could see the shadow of an English soldier as a sentry peered down into the water. But Louis kept to the shadows of the bank, and at last he was beyond the last sentry.

So far so good. But the wet clothes which squashed about him were cold, and so he broke into a fast trot to keep himself warm. As he trotted along, he searched through his mind as to where he could find a horse. It was a hundred and fifty miles to Paris, and it would be too slow a trip if he must walk all of it.

HE had travelled twelve miles before he reached a tiny inn on the road between Calais and Agincourt. Now he was thankful for the handful of gold *louis d'or* which he had stuffed into his pocket, for they were useful to bribe the suspicious landlord into renting him a horse.

All the rest of that night he rode, and until dusk of the following day. When at last he dropped, exhausted, from his horse in front of an inn in Peronne, he knew that he had completed more than half of the trip. But now he must have food, rest, a change of horses.

It was long after the cock announced the break of dawn that he awoke from the dreamless slumber into which he had fallen as soon as he reached his room. Now, after a quick bath and a bowl of gruel he was on his way again, heading for the palace. He reached it that night, but knew that he must wait until the morrow, now, for his audience. The next day he was at the palace gate when the sun arose.

He was challenged at the door, but finally a bribe to the guard took him inside the audience chamber, while a page took his message to King Philip. And an hour or so later he was ordered to follow, and the page led him into a tiny closet where the king sat at a table talking to a bearded stranger.

"I am from Calais, your majesty," Louis began, in a voice that trembled slightly but became bolder as he continued. "We have been besieged for six months, now; and the people catch rats in the stables that they may eat. My father, who is governor, fears that he can hold out no longer, unless you send him succor."

"I have already heard of the plight of Calais," Philip smiled wearily. "If I had the men, I would help you. But my vassal lords will not send men, and my own were lost at Crecy. I am sorry . . . but I am only a king, not a worker of miracles."

"Then you can do nothing for Calais?"

"Nay. I have scarce enough men to defend Paris, should Edward march against it next."

* * *

"BUT your majesty could prevent him from striking at Paris by striking first at the English as they lie before Calais."

"It is what I have counselled your majesty," the bearded man interrupted. "Edward does not believe you will come, and he sets no guard at his rear. You could gather your army and strike a telling blow for France and St. Denis."

For a long time the king studied the man, and then the boy in front of him. Louis stood still, a prayer trembling on his lips. Finally the king smiled slightly and nodded his head.

"I will come," he said. "It would be the coward's way to sit idly in Paris while Calais starves. Tell your father that I will come within the month, bringing with me such men as I can gather. And take this message also. When I come, let every man in Calais strike a blow for freedom and St. Denis even as do I. When I appear, I will strike on one flank . . . let Calais strike on the other. With Edward between two fires, perhaps we can defeat him even with his long-bows."

* * *

History tells us that Louis' mission was a failure. Calais was not saved from the English. Yet in a larger sense, his bravery, courage, and resourcefulness saved France that day. King Philip brought his army to Calais, but he could not drive through the closely guarded lines of Edward's English. In the end, Calais yielded, became an English town. But Edward returned to England, and came back no more. Calais was lost, but the rest of France was saved. Edward sued for peace shortly afterward, and swore allegiance to Philip for those parts of France which he held. And Edward's queen, hearing of the bravery of Louis and the citizens of Calais, convinced the English king that he should be merciful. Edward fed the starving people, granted them life, freedom.

The Three Ducks

By M. W. Fox.

For the Messenger.

ONCE upon a time there was a little girl named Janet Jane. In the kitchen of Janet Jane's house was a big, old rocking chair. It usually sat in front of the kitchen stove. One of the things that Janet Jane liked most to do was to sit in that big, old rocking chair with her hands holding firmly to the two arms of the chair, and make the chair rock back and forth—back and forth, very, very fast.

One evening when her mother was washing the supper dishes, Janet Jane pulled the old rocking chair over in front of the fire, climbed into it, and started to rock, rock, rock! At first the chair moved very fast; but after a bit the rockers went slower—slower—slower—. Then, to Janet Jane's surprise, the creaking of the rockers began talking:

"Janet—Jane! Janet—Jane!" they creaked over and over again.

"My, I didn't know chairs could talk," exclaimed Janet Jane.

"Ha—ha!" laughed the rocker. "Years and years ago there was another little girl who used to sit in this very rocker and think that very thing. And I used to tell her stories."

"O—h! Whatever did she look like?" "Like you."

"And what was her name?"

"Janet Jane—just like yours. You see she was your mother."

"Well—once upon a time," began the chairs softly, and then Janet Jane knew that the chair really was going to tell her a story. And this was the story the old rocking chair told:

* * *

ONCE upon a time there was a mother duck and her three young ducks who lived in a farmyard. One of the young ducks was a very beautiful duck. Another was very clever. The third duck was small, sickly and timid.

The handsome duck had a very bad habit. He was selfish. The clever duck had, alas, also a very bad habit—he was greedy. The mother duck tried her best to break them of these bad habits. And she was always urging all her children to "do as you would be done by."

One day there was a Fair in a nearby town and the farmer and his whole family went to the Fair. They were in such a hurry before they left in the morning that they actually forgot to feed the farm-yard creatures.

When breakfast time arrived and there was no breakfast the ducks grew very hungry. But along about ten

o'clock, Mother Duck remembered that she had once hidden away some grains of corn under an old board just in case there might come a time when they would be short of food. "It's a good thing, you know, always to put by something for a rainy day," she told her children.

So now, she hunted up the corn and gave each of her children four kernels, saying,

"I'm sorry it's not more, but it's better than nothing."

Immediately the greedy duck and the selfish duck gobbled down their four kernels and, while their mother's head was turned, greedy duck grabbed two kernels from its timid, sickly sister; and the selfish duck grabbed one kernel from its timid, sickly sister, also. This left the delicate sister with only one kernel.

Dinner time came, and the farm people did not return to feed the farm-yard creatures. The ducks grew very, very hungry. And of course the small sickly duck who had only one kernel became hungriest of all. She had to lie down, she was so weak.

* * *

ABOUT four o'clock in the afternoon the farmer's boy came rushing into the farmyard with a pan of wheat.

"They sent me home to feed you, but I'm going right back to the Fair—indeed I am!" he said impatiently, as he scattered the wheat about in a hurry.

But before he scattered the wheat he grabbed the handsome duck and the clever duck and turned an old box right over them—upside down. And gave them no wheat.

"There—stay there and think over your meanness to your poor little sister," he said angrily. "I heard all about your stealing her corn this morning. By night you'll maybe know what 'do as you would be done by' means."

So, the two hungry, frightened ducks lay in the dark under the box without a bite to eat all the long afternoon, while the other creatures enjoyed their wheat.

"My, I wish some of them would come and share their wheat with us," they moaned over and over again. But each remembered how he had taken the corn from his little, delicate sister.

"Cut—cut—ah, cut! Cut—cut—ah, cut!" — "Do as you would be done by—do as you would be done by!" cackled the hens as they flew about the box that covered the ducks.

(Please turn to Page 14.)

ANSWERS TO YOUNG PEOPLE'S BIBLE READING

1. Prov. 11:1.
2. That generosity "pays" in business.
3. That to hold wheat for famine prices is wrong.
4. That a man who is not good at home gets no satisfaction out of life.
5. The steward's "lord", his master.
6. No, but because he looked ahead and because he made friends.
7. Matt. 6:20.

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of the Sunday School Scholar

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Keep your WITS WORKING

RIDDLES CONTRIBUTED BY CHUMS

1. Neither father, sister, brother, yet it always has its mother.
2. Higher than a house, higher than a tree, oh, whatever can it be?
3. A hill full, a hole full, yet you cannot catch a hole full.
4. Down in a dark dungeon I saw a great knight,
All saddled, all bridled, all fit for a fight,
Black was his arrow and black was his brow,
I've told you three times and I'll bet you don't know.—Sent in by Dolly MacLennan.

SCRAMBLED COUNTRIES

1. COMEXI. 2. DUNROSAH. 3. TAGMULAAE. 4. NAPAAM. 5. AASOTCCIR. 6. CARGUNIAA.

WHO SAID OF WHAT?

1. Where darkling feed the clamorous clans.
2. Half loving-kindness and half disdain.
3. Wee, sleekit, cowerin' timorous beastie.
4. He watches from his mountain walls.
5. Seeing only what is fair,
Sipping only what is sweet.
6. Green little vaulter in the sunny grass.

SCRAMBLE-BALL

Players are divided into teams, Reds and Blues. Play Leader has quantity of balls or bean-bags which he throws in all directions. Points given for team getting the greater number.

NATURE QUESTIONS

1. What are four of the most commonly known plants that "sleep" or close their foliage at night?
2. Which seems to most effectively attract the bird and insect pollinators of flowers, color or odor?
3. The spun web of how many spiders would be required to make one yard of spider silk?
4. What is the life span usually allotted to the Western Tarantula?
5. How many kinds of Humming birds are there?
6. Is a tadpole capable of regrowing a leg or toe torn from his body by accident?
7. Approximately how many eggs does a 22-pound codfish lay?
8. What insect group differs from all others in that they possess only two wings?
9. How old must a camel be before reaching full growth?
10. How are young bats fed by their mothers?—Madison Cooper's Gardening Magazine.

Answers to Last Week's Puzzles

Missing Words—1. England.—Shakespeare (King John) 2. Right, might.—Abraham Lincoln. 3. Wealth, decay.—Goldsmith (The Deserted Village). 4. Nailed, colours, mast.—Scott (Marmion).

What is it?—1. (d); 2. (c); 3. (c).

Rhyming Riddle—School days are here here again. (Missing words in last two lines: bell, ringing, school.)

Gasps and Giggles

At a military tribunal in the border district the other day one member asked the applicant, a shepherd, if he knew of any reason why his work should not be undertaken by a woman.

"A woman once tried it," replied the applicant, "and she made a mess of it."

"Who was she?" inquired the chairman.

"Bo-Peep," answered the shepherd.

A drowsy old Drone took a nap in the bell

Of a tulip—and didn't he snore!
Then two Beetles turned up, and they paused in surprise

As the noise went on just as before.

'It's some radio trick,' remarked one of the pair.

Joked the other, 'With you I agree;
And If I might make a suggestion I'd say

It sounds like a Loud Sleeper to me!'

Thomas the traveller was nothing if not truthful.

"Were you quite cool when that lion appeared before you?" he was asked.

"Cool?" he queried. "Why, my teeth just chattered."

MR. INSIGNIFICANCE

(Continued from Page 5.)

friends, and I want you to join us. I want to say, too, that we're pulling for Clem Thornton in this match—Dot and I." He sat down, smiling at Clem.

Dot Stevens, the town's best beloved child! It began as a whisper—that applause for the fellow who had been Mr. Insignificance. It swelled into deafening volume. "Thornton, Clem Thornton! Go out there and win!"

Numb at first from this incredible change, Clem lost the first two points. But when the crowd showed its sympathy by keeping quiet, he steadied. He couldn't ignore the pain in his chest, but he played in spite of it—played to win.

* * *

SOMEHOW, he began to make up in leg work for that weakness in the backhand. He covered the court so speedily that there seemed to be two or three men facing Jacobs. Wilbur weakened, sensing that the tide had turned.

Clem won the next two sets in the fastest, most devastating tennis those spectators had ever seen; and they backed him up with all the enthusiasm and noise they could muster.

"Match to Mr. Thornton!"

Clem heard those words, then everything went black. He fainted from pain and exhaustion.

When consciousness returned, four persons besides the doctor were near: Ward Hartley, jumping up and down with joy; Wilbur Jacobs, who wanted to tell Clem how sorry he was to have been unknowingly torturing a man who was already in pain; and Ruby Wade who had gone in her car to bring Clem's mother.

As he stretched himself and looked around, Clem heard Ruby saying to his mother:

"It was the most courageous thing I ever saw. Dr. Phelps says that Clem must have suffered agony. I think it's time that the school woke up to—"

"Give me your hand on that," grinned Ward Hartley.

OLD NELL

(Continued from Page 9.)

home in my old age. But my worries might have been spared had I known the pleasant surprise that awaited me at my new home. There I was brushed and curried, then turned into a large box stall nicely bedded away from the chilling winds. The manger was filled with fresh, sweet alfalfa hay and for dessert, the master filled my box with nice ground oats. My, but they tasted good! and they did not hurt my teeth a bit.

I thought what a silly old horse I had been to worry over leaving my old master who was so cruel to me. I was no longer forced to go hungry. I grew fat and sleek.

I am very fond of my new master. He never flies into a rage and whips me or jerks me around.

Today we were cultivating the garden. My eyes are growing dim. I stepped on some of the plants.

My new master understood. He merely said, "We're growing old, Nell."

It almost seems the carefree days of colthood have returned, I am so happy



EGGS SCRAMBLED WITH SHRIMPS

MELT 3 tablespoons butter in a saucepan and add a savory mixture consisting of 1 finely chopped carrot, 1 onion, a little parsley, a bay leaf and a pinch of thyme. Add to this 18 thoroughly washed shrimps. Simmer for 10 or 12 minutes. Take out the shrimps, remove the shells and the dark vein down the back. Put aside 8 of the shrimps and run the rest through a food chopper. Add to them 2 tablespoons thick cream.

Break 8 eggs into a bowl, beat well with a fork and add the shrimps and cream. Put a large lump of butter in a double boiler, and when it has melted, add the eggs and cook slowly, stirring all the while until the mixture is thick and creamy, adding from time to time a little melted butter. Season

to taste with salt and pepper. Serve on a hot dish and garnish with whole shrimps and a little parsley. Serve a green vegetable or salad and crusty rolls with this dish.

LIMA TIMBALES

2 cups cooked, dried Limas, 2 tablespoons butter, 2 tablespoons chopped onion, 1 1/2 tablespoons flour, 1/2 cup milk, 1 egg slightly beaten, 1/2 cup chopped walnuts, 1/4 teaspoon pepper, 1/2 teaspoon salt.

Rub Limas through a coarse sieve. Melt Butter, add chopped onion and cook until yellow. Add flour, stir until smooth, then add milk. Stir constantly until creamy. Add pureed Limas, egg, salt and pepper. Pack in buttered timbale molds or custard cups and place in a pan of hot water. Bake in a moderate oven (350 deg. F.) for about 20 minutes. Turn out and serve with tomato sauce.

ONE PATTERN

LUCIA MALLORY

"THE Mary Shaffner Scholarship in Home Economics is awarded to Joyce Rowley."

A tall, fair girl stepped out from her place among the gray-clad seniors to accept the gift from her high school principal. Before she resumed her seat, she turned to smile happily at her mother, who sat in the front row of the section reserved for parents.

From my own seat on the other side of the auditorium, I caught a glimpse of the love and pride in the mother's answering smile.

Walking home from the Commencement Exercises with my friend, Flora Barron, I recalled that smile and spoke of Joyce Rowley's achievement.

"There is a little story behind Joyce's success that I think you'd like to hear, Lucia," Flora told me.

Knowing how much Flora had contributed to the welfare of her own and other people's children, I was not surprised, as the story unfolded, to learn that she had had a part in Joyce's success.

"The Rowley's have been our neighbors for years," my friend began. "There are three girls in the family. Ruth and Genevieve were in high school when Joyce was born. Both were brilliant students, graduating with the highest possible honors. They went through the state university with

the same fine scholastic records and became successful teachers. Ruth is now at the head of the history department in a large high school, and Genevieve is married.

"Joyce was a chubby, happy child whom everyone in the neighborhood loved. She liked nothing better than to come over to help me take care of Jack and Helen when they were babies, though she was only a few years older than they.

"Mrs. Rowley found her youngest child entirely satisfactory, until she started to school. Then she was dismayed to discover that Joyce could not, or did not, win honors by her achievements, as her sisters had done. It was true that she did not fail; she simply passed with average grades.

"Joyce was contented in school until her mother began to nag her and urge her to do better work. The child was kept in from play and made to study after school. She was scolded because she brought home report cards with grades 3 instead of the 1's her mother thought she should be able to attain. Everyone could see that the little girl was losing her happy disposition and becoming conscious of inferiority.

"My chance to help came one evening when Mrs. Rowley brought the offending report card over and asked me, as an old teacher, how she could wake the child up!

"Don't you know that children can't all be cut to one pattern?' I asked her. "Ruth and Genevieve were fine students, but Joyce has her own excellencies. Don't you remember the day that our club met with you last winter, and Joyce came home from school and slipped out into the kitchen and quietly washed all of the dishes for you? How many ten-year-olds could prepare a simple meal for their fathers as Joyce does when you have a headache? I'll tell you, Mrs. Rowley, all of the fine grades in the world could not enable me to keep my house clean or take good care of my babies. That was something I had to learn when I stopped teaching school. There isn't a greater career for a girl than homemaking, and Joyce has already made a fine start in that direction!"

"To my great relief, Mrs. Rowley accepted my advice in the spirit in which it was offered. You saw the end of the story when Joyce received her scholarship. Mrs. Rowley needed only to learn that one pattern of ability and achievement would not fit all of her children. Since that time, she and Joyce have been the happy mother and daughter that you saw this evening."

THE THREE DUCKS

(Continued from Page 12.)

"Cock-a-doodle-do! Cock-a-doodle-do! — Do as you would be done by—Do as you would be done by!" crowed the rooster, standing right on top of the box!

"Gobble—gobble—gobble! Gobble—gobble—gobble!—Do as you would be done by—Do as you would be done by!" gobbled the turkeys.

* * *

WHEN it came evening and all the hens had gone to their roosts the two imprisoned ducks heard a faint tapping on the side of their box, and there, through a large knot-hole, they saw their weak little sister. She put her bill in through the knot-hole and from it fell a whole mouthful of wheat. In a few minutes she was back with another mouthful. And again with a third mouthful.

"I knew you were hungry so I kept some of mine for you," weakly quacked the little sister. "You see I know what it is to be hungry myself. I'm sorry it isn't more but the farmer's boy was in such a hurry that he gave us very little."

The handsome duck and the smart duck were so ashamed that, as they hungrily and thankfully ate their little sister's wheat, each said,

"Well, I'll always, always, after this remember to 'Do as I would be done by'."

And they did.



September 20, 1940.

FLASHLIGHTS ON THE NEWS

Readers and Editors Facing Together the Torrent
of World Events - - and Finding
the Next Step Forward

THE DAY OF PRAYER

IN RESPONSE to the call of King George and President Roosevelt, churches of all denominations throughout the British Empire and the United States were crowded on that first Sunday after the anniversary of the outbreak of the war.

A day of prayer of so widespread observance will have its greatest value if it leads us into the spirit in which God can fully answer our prayers.

Our Lord says much about praying "in His Name." This means something very great. In the Bible "the Name" means "the character, the whole Personality." To pray in Christ's Name means that we must enter into His Character and pray as He prayed with utter trust in our Heavenly Father and utter devotion to His ways and His purposes.

Can we as individuals, as a nation, as an Empire, pray in this way? As some of the preachers on Sunday reminded us we have come very far short of it. We are fighting against the evil of Nazism but we have tolerated many things in our social system, in our relations with one another and in our personal lives which are not according to the will of God. Israel of old lost battles while Achan hid in his tent the Babylonish garment and the wedge of gold and hoard of silver. If we honestly seek God's blessing, sins of greed and pride, dishonesty and lust and all selfishness must be done away with.

God has chosen us as champions of right not because we are perfect but in spite of our imperfections. We cannot "claim" victory from Him, but we can and we must pray and work and pay and fight, and if need be die for God's cause, knowing that we are fighting His battle.

The war is costing a great deal in money and to many a great deal in

suffering, but it would cost us, and the world, infinitely more if the "principalities and powers and wicked spirits" opposed to us had their way.

The word to us is that of St. Paul to the Christians in Ephesus: "Wherefore take unto you the whole armor of God so that ye may be able to withstand in the evil day and having done all 'to hold your ground and remain masters of the field'."

And let us remember, as Bunyan's Christian remembered, that "there is no armor for the back."

Praying, working and fighting, we must "endure as seeing Him Who is invisible."

THE LONDON AIR RAIDS

A PREVIOUS Day of Prayer (May 26) coincided with the deliverance of hundreds of thousands of British soldiers who to all appearance had been hopelessly trapped in Flanders. It was a wonderful deliverance.

We have been told how the rain came down in torrents and bogged the Flanders roads and so slowed the German advance. And how an almost unprecedented calm fell over the Channel, so that hundreds of small boats were able to make trip after trip across and get the men away.

Quite accurately we may describe it as "miraculous." A Bible writer would have said "the Lord sent a great rain" and "the Lord commanded the winds so that they blew not till the people passed over." And would he not have been right?

But there was a greater miracle. Hundreds of men died gallantly in "helping the weather" to hold back the Germans. Thousands of others stood under fire giving the wounded precedence in embarkation. Doctors, and stretcher-bearers went calmly around

among the wounded, binding up their hurts and helping them to the boats. Chaplains gave spiritual consolation and physical aid. We think the Bible writer would record that "the Spirit of the Lord came mightily upon these men" who were led to risk—and in many instances to give,—their lives that others might live.

* * *

THE recent "Day of Prayer" coincided with and was followed by terrible air raids over London, resulting in great destruction of property and much loss of life. Are we to think that God failed to hear the prayers that were going up to Him from millions of hearts? Or if He heard did He fail to answer them? No. We may be absolutely sure that every true prayer is both heard and answered. God is "always more ready to hear than we are to pray." His promise is, "Before they call, I will answer and while they are yet speaking, I will hear." (Isa. 65:24)

Here again there is a gleam of light for here again the greater miracle was wrought. Hundreds of people forgot fear in helping others, and the spirit of courage, devotion, kindness, self-sacrifice is the very Spirit of God descending on men and women in answer to prayer.

* * *

BUT surely the immeasurably great answer to the recent day of prayer, came immediately and dramatically. "Before they call I will answer them."

Consider those millions of people of "all sorts and conditions", yes, hundreds of millions, kneeling in conscious fellowship of prayer, seeking God's guidance and strength. In that oneness of desire these millions of souls were fused into one great force for God. Never before in human history were so many people of differing creeds so earnestly united. That in itself is a tremendous answer to prayer—"that

they all might be one." And only in such unity is there any hope of restraining the co-ordinated forces of Nazi-Fascism. Such a volume of evidence of faith in God is extremely significant. It represents a mighty, focussed power which in the long run will prove unconquerable and victorious. The victory will be God's, not Hitler's.

GREAT HISTORY BEING WRITTEN

EVERY week a startlingly great page in world history is being written. But the events are so close to our eyes that we cannot see their immensity or significance.

One of these great events is the good will exchange between John Bull & Co. and the Uncle Sam Syndicate by which the latter have given fifty speedy warships to Britain and Britain leases air bases in the West Indies and other places to the United States. And possibly Canada and Newfoundland will have a share in extending the protecting arm of the United States over all of North America, and South America too, all in the interest of western and Christian democracy.

A few years ago statesmen would have considered such a transaction as impossible. Britain to hand over the keys of her Western Empire to another Power! The United States to give some of her ships to strengthen Britain's fighting fleet! But the whole thing was done without fuss or trouble. Given the goodwill on both sides and recognition of common interest in the present world struggle, the agreement was the natural outcome.

We all welcome this new pledge of friendship between the United States and the British Commonwealth. We believe that it is a step toward permanent and intimate co-operation between the two peoples.

Long ago the *Daily Witness* (published by John Dougall & Son from 1860 to 1913) had a cartoon showing John Bull and Uncle Sam on a "bicycle built for two." The prophecy seems to be hastening towards its fulfilment. And today seeing a bit farther, we would discard "the bicycle built for two" and replace it with a sectional contrivance that could be extended to include any and every other nation that wished to share the benefits of co-operation and mutual helpfulness.

Our hope is that when the war is over all nations will come to realize that co-operation is better than rivalry. Indeed rivalry is out of date. The

Apolo of the Pygmy Forest

A FEW years ago there died at Mboga, on the edge of the great Congo Forest, a native mission-named Apolo, a Canon of the Church of England in Uganda, the country in which he was born about 75 years ago. His is a great story.

He was brought up in heathen surroundings, but while still a boy he came into touch with a missionary named Alexander Mackay, and was deeply interested in the story he had to tell.

All through wars in which he fought he never forgot what he had learned from Mackay, and when the fighting was over and he went home again he asked to be baptized that he might go out and tell the story himself. The Bishop of Uganda hesitated to send out a native missionary with so little instruction as Apolo had had, but a great Chief in that country said: "Apolo is a good man; he is not clever, but he is full of grace. Send him; he will do a great work for God."

THE PEOPLE FLOCKED TO HEAR HIM
SO Apolo set out to walk to Toro, 200 miles away, through country inhabited only by wild animals, in order that he might give himself to the people. He arrived there safely and learned the language, and the people flocked to hear him preach.

Then he went to Mboga, for he

wanted to find people who had never heard the Gospel. But in Mboga there was a cruel king, who, when he learned that Apolo was preaching and that one woman had actually been converted, ordered the young missionary to be brought before him and flogged to death.

Apolo was beaten unconscious and left in the forest for dead. But the woman he had converted secretly carried his poor body to her hut, where she nursed him to life and health again.

A KING ASKS FORGIVENESS

THEN, instead of fleeing from the cruel king, Apolo went out and beat his drum again, calling the people to hear his message; and the king was so amazed to see the young man he thought to be dead that he asked his forgiveness for the wrong he had done him, and a few weeks later he was himself baptized.

That was the beginning of a church in Mboga, which grew rapidly in strength and in time became a missionary church, sending teachers into the forest to preach to the pygmy and other tribes.

And all these years (about half a century) Apolo had been working for the people here, so that he became known as Apolo of the Pygmy Forest. —Children's Newspaper.

choice is between forced unity under dictatorship and free brotherly co-operation—the choice between democracy guided by God and the dictatorship of haughty and fallible men. There is no question as to which of these two is the more excellent, there is no question even as to which of the two systems "pays" the better.

Great history is being written daily. It is the history of man's greatest revolt against God. It is also, we believe the history of the purification, as by fire, of Christ's Church in this, the darkest hour before the dawn of His coming Kingdom.

Get the Good of What You Read

IT is not the number of books that you read; nor the variety of sermons which you hear; nor the amount of religious conversation in which you mix, but it is the frequency and the earnestness with which you meditate on these things, till the truth which may be in them becomes your own, and part of your own being, that ensures your spiritual growth.—F. W. Robertson.

It ain't no use to grumble and complain;

When God sorts out the weather and sends rain,

W'y, rain's my choice!

—James Whitcomb Riley.

"Introduce Me"

IF you know of any Sunday School not distributing the Northern Messenger, its officers or teachers would be greatly interested in learning of our very special introductory on trial offer of 13 weeks for 9cts per copy in packages of five or more.

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